

"PINOCHLE"

Notebook of an Old Detective

by Charles Edmonds Walk

And With Names and Places Hidden Published as a Proof That Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction

On the records of the Sutherland Detective agency Helen Bertel's name was only one of several after which appeared the word, "Stenographer."

As a natter of fact, in certain special lines of work this uncommonly pretty, self-reliant girl was one of the most capable operatives the company ever had in its employ. Although Felix Hazard's lean, hawklike visage was too well schooled to betray any hint of his deeper feelings, nevertheless sometimes while looking at her his dark eyes took on an intense glow that shook the girl's poise. She was wont to chide herself because this look had the power of agitating her, and she would discourage it in different ways-sometimes by treating Hazard with cool reserve, another time by poking fun at him, or, most effective of all, by making some abrupt, unexpected appeal to his friendship. They never quarreled; they were much too good pals for

So on a certain June morning-the first, to be definite-when Hazard found a note upon his desk in her handwriting, which was as familiar to him as his own he forgot everything else until he had read it some half-dozen times.

As he tore open the envelope and spread out the single sheet therein contained, two objects fell out and fluttered to the floor. He picked them They were in the corners of two playing-cards, the knave of diamonds and the queen of spades These he laid carefully aside and

My dear Felly:

Take me to luncheon today and I'll tell you about the enclosed relics.-H. possibly a minute he gravely speculated upon the card fragments; but they only teased his curiosity ragged torn edges exactly matched, demonstrating the two corners had been held tightly together when the balance of the cards were torn away: this was the sole inference he was able to draw from the

Promptly at half-past twelve Helen Bertel's animated face appeared at Hazard's doorway. She was a tall, graceful girl, fond of tennis and of being both on and in the water, for besides being an ardent conceist she was also an expert swimmer-a choice of pastimes than which no others are better adapted to mold the figure in perfect lines and give health and strength and beauty and the pantherine litheness that characterized her every movement

She called to him brightly from the threshold:

'Ready?"

"And walting," he returned, grabbing his hat and following her to the elevator. It was

poured Hazard's demi-tasse and held a lighted match to his cigarette that Miss Bertel, propping her elbows upon the table and resting one cheek upon her clasped hands, referred to the subject that was uppermost in her

"Felix, I have a neighbor who needs your help-a poor widow with a scapegrace brother. Their uncle was murdered day before yesterday, and the two are entitled to his money." Hazard darted a sharp glance at

"Murdered?" he repeated inquiring-"Who was he?" "Henry Paradis."

For some moments the man scru tinized the pretty face opposite his.

the case; I've gone as far with it as abilities to smithereens. It's impos-

can without a man's assistance. sible. You're to be the man."

sketched.

used by the old bachelor as a library spades were missing. stood a table-desk, and lying on a

tended to veil the fatality in mystery. Interest in cards all at once revived. of Henry Paradis' slayer to be split-On the surface these factors sug- and he became a pinochle fiend. And, ting up into a number of confusing mediately fallen dead from a bullet first appeared on the scene. Also at full of neatly tied packages of let- who hangs out at a neighborhood sa ters, together with papers and docu- loon. Sam says there used to be which lay the weapon. Its cylinder cture which a few minutes' prob- played all together. ing demonstrated to have been made arks on the left breast of his shabby | tell me next to nothing. old house-jacket showed that the muzzle had been close when the

on was fired. From these details the police and reporters, and next the coroner's jury, drew their conclusion that the old man had accidentally been overtaken by death, withal in a most extraordi-

nary manner.

"However," added Miss Bertel, "in spite of the verdict and the police. They are suspicious of the niece, Mrs. Pell, and her young brother, Curtis Paradis—not wholly without reason.

This story throbs with realism in the word's narrowest meaning. It is a faithful rendering of an authentic experience in the career of a high official of a detective agency whose name is a household word throughout the Englishspeaking world. Real names of persons and places are sometimes disguised. In all other respects the amazing, often thrilling, always gripping facts are recorded just as they happened.

help her, is afraid to talk much; there is something she is holding back; and whatever it is, if I'm any judge of another woman's character, it's something that will tend to incriminate either her or her brother.

.....

"Here are the facts that make it look bad for her: A bitter enmity has kept her and his uncle apart for years. Not since she was a little girl has she been in the house, save twice-once about a week ago and again on the evening of the 28th of On the occasion of the last May. visit Sam Webb says he heard them quarreling about money.

"Now the murder occurred some time during the night of the 30th. Decoration day. Nobody heard the shot, and the tragedy was not discovered until seven o'clock next morning.

"Why," Hazard queried, "are you so positive it was murder?"

can't accept the police theory," Miss Bertel replied. "First, it is asking a good deal of for him."

one to believe that anybody can be asked:

dis house early on the evening of May 30th-the evening of the tragedy -and that Curtis Paradis also had been seen thereabouts by at least two about nine o'clock of the same night he had seen Curtis hurrying away from his uncle's residence and in the direction of the car barns at Dewey place; that he appeared nervous and agitated, and that he was tearing to pieces as he went along and scattering broadcast what looked like "a couple of postcards," but which, the spectator having been made inquisitive, on examination proved to be two playing cards!

These circumstances, in connection with the fact that Henry Paradis must have been slain some time during the night of May 30th, and that the \$2,800 was nowhere to be found. indeed looked bad for Mrs. Pell and her brother.

It was at a nearby corner saloon, however, that Hazard obtained definite knowledge of Blackburn, the "tinhorn," and in addition some general knowledge of Henry Paradis' character that was in no way a credit

Speaking of Curtis Paradis, the barkeeper told Hazard that the young man was an automobile mechanician who had come to Chicago from Kansas City about March 1st in search of employment.

"He sure was some pinochle field," averred the informant, "a reg'lar bug. Only one other gink around herefella named Nick Blackburn-that's and sternly demanded: "There are several reasons why I as bad. Blackburn, he's a shark, out for the coin there is in it, and boobs, like this young Paradis, are pickin's The speaker abruptly



The Effect of This Simple Question Was Extraordinary

killed by a revolver catching in a

"But I got most of my ideas from What she recounted may be briefly Sam Webb-those two card corners, for instance. He slipped them to me On the morning of May 31st the and told me he had found them tightlifeless body of Henry Paradis had ly clenched in the dead man's right been found, under peculiar circum- hand. Now there wasn't a deck of stances, at his North Halsted street cards in the house from which the residence. In the middle of the room jack of diamonds and the queen of

"Here are several curious facts in rug in front of this and underneath a this connection. Mrs. Pell tells me protruding drawer the body had been that in his younger days Henry Paradiscovered by the household's sole dis was a gambler, but that years ago servant, a middle-aged negro named he foreswore cards and all games of chance. Now then, according to Sam that he could of this individual, he There were numerous factors that Webb, early in March the old man's gested that Henry Paradis had too, early in March is the time when opened a drawer of his deak and im- young Curtis Paradis, the nephew wound inflicted by his own revolver, about this time Henry Paradis took the direction of which Curtis Paradis way of mute testimony, there up with a disreputable individual had been seen going on the fatal was the partially open drawer half named Blackburn, a tinhorn gambier ments of various sorts, upon top of some notable games at the house, marked by constant quarrels and contained five loaded cartridges and bickerings—either between Curtis and one freshly exploded shell. The re- his uncle, or between Blackburn and volver was of a well-known make, 28- the uncle; never between Curtis and caliber, and just below the dead Blackburn, nor, to Sam's knowledge, man's heart was a small purplish was there ever a game when the three

"I'm simply giving you these facts by a bullet of the same size. Powder for what they might be worth; they

"Finally, on the afternoon of May twenty-ninth Henry Paradis drew from his bank \$2,800 in currency, which so far is missing."

Felix Hazard spent the better part He gathered a lot of information of one sort and another, the net result of which he summed up in the reflection: "If Helen wanted to help

"Have you any idea why old Henry "According to the newspapers that drawer in such a way that merely Paradis warmed up to Blackburn? was an accidental death," said he, opening the drawer should explode it; No? I'll tell you. The old man was "I don't know much about it, though." then, that the weapon should be learning to play pinochle. Yes, sir, "I'll tell you about it. For my almed so unerringly at the victim's he was! He paid Blackburn to teach neighbor's sake I interested myself in heart simply knocks the law of prob- him; not just the rules of the game, y'understand, but the fine points that win games. For two hours three times a week, he gave old Paradis lessons on inside pinochle, at two bucks per night.

"In less'n two weeks the old man wins back not only all he'd paid Nick, but about all Nick had picked up here besides. That's goin' some for an old party like him. Why, blamed if Nick didn't have to go to work!"

For some reason Felix Hazard found himself strongly attracted toward Mr. Nick Blackburn; and by following an inclination to learn all Mrs. Pell, the dead man's niece, and in charge of the house. On the way early found the apparently plain trall that Henry Paradis had been a and misleading by-paths.

For example, Blackburn had been rooming opposite the car barns, in night, tearing in small pieces two playing cards; but the barkeeper thought Blackburn had given up his room, having found employment on some lake boat.

Hazard was shown the room, where the landlady was still keeping its recent occupant's effects pending his calling for them, and by the simple strategy of sending her to fetch some matches he contrived to pocket a pack of playing cards which lay on a

small shelf. Subsequent examination them to be a pinochle deck which one knave of diamonds and one queen of spades were missing!

To round out the day'r work, Hazof the afternoon nosing about the ard resolved to call at the Paradis residence, hoping that he might be able to see and interview the negro ervant, Sam Webb.

The scene of the tragedy concealed reflection: "If Heien wanted to help her friend, she'd better have let the first of which happened as he was coroner's verdict stand."

For, among other things, he learned a negro, whom he took to be Webb, that Wes Pell had called at the same of the tragedy concealed more than one surprise for him, the was according to front steps. He saw that Wes Pell had called at the same of the tragedy concealed more than one surprise for him, the coroner's vertical tragedy concealed more than one surprise for him, the first of which happened as he was according to front steps. m. Pell, while begging me to that Mrs. Pell had called at the Para- coming round from the rear-

"Are you Sam Webb?" he paused

The effect of this simple question was extraordinary. At the first sound of Hazard's voice the negro started and, all atremble, stood staring at The man's face and attitude were expressive of utmost terror and consternation.

Without the least warning, he wheeled and ran at top speed back though the narrow passageway between the two buildings.

The detective was too astonished by this singular conduct to think or act for a second, and when he did recover himself and in turn went plunging down the narrow passageway to the back yard, Sam-if it were Sam-had disappeared.

With something of the feeling of an explorer into unknown wilds, Fepersons. One individual asserted that lix Hazard, instead of returning to the front of the house, mounted ite rear steps; perhaps somebody was in charge.

> The screen door stood wide open. and under the impact of his fist the inner door proved itself to be unlatched by swinging inward slightly. Without the least premouition, Hazard was blinded by a flash and stunned by a deafening report as a revolver was fired almost pointblank

on's muzzle that his cheek felt the

hot blast of the explosion and the

stinging touch of two or three powder grains. At once the door was ferked clear open, and an excited young man rushed out at him, yelling:

"Good God! Did I hit you? thought-'

Whatever he might have been thinking was not immediately revealed, for Hazard's fist caught him squarely upon the point of the chin with a blow that had all his weight behind it. The fellow went down as if every bone and sinew of his body had turned suddenly to jelly. A minute passed, then, weak and dazed, the young fellow rose slowly to his feet. When Hazard realized how frightened and unstrung his antagonist was he regretted the impetuous blow. He pocketed the pistol "Who are you?"

"My name's Paradis-" chattered the other, "Curtis Paradis," "Curtis, eh? I'd like to have word with you. Come inside."

As they entered what proved to be the kitchen, Paradis protested with nervous volubility that he had fired on a sudden impulse.

"I thought it was that crazy nignearly frightened my sister to death." At this juncture a pale-faced, terrified woman appeared in a doorway opening into the house's farther recesses.

"Don't hurt Curtis," she pleaded tremulously. "He's innocent. Are you an officer? Oh, I'm glad-so glad! Let us tell you all we have to tell about this terrible affair!"

obbed me and sister of what Was rightfully ours, too! We'd play two or three times a week, and other nights be'd be taking lessons from a fellow named Nick Blackburn. Nick got him a job on the Andrew Colestarted to work day before yesterday

the old man any more. "Are you sure he went to work on the thirtieth?" Hazard interrupted. "Yes, sir. I saw him off in the

morning-Decoration day." Paradis then recounted, in so far as he was concerned, what happened at the house on the fatal night.

"I came in like I always did, hoping I might pick up a piece of change from the old man. The house was as still as a cemetery. Sam was gone; I couldn't raise my uncle-nobody at thi. This seemed queer because the front door wasn't locked.

"As soon as I lit the gas in the library I saw Uncle Henry on the floor, dead. I was pretty badly scared. A pinochle deck was on his desk with a lot of melds spread out, as if he'd been playing a game with somebody. On top of the cards was his gun. It looked like whoever had shot him had reached across the desk and poked the gun right against him, then in his face. So close was the weapdropped it and run.

"Right away I thought, whoeve found the cards spread out like they were-anybody knowing how much we'd played together-would think I'd shot him.

"I dropped the gun into a drawer that stood open, and put the cards in give back the money he'd taken." my pocket."

The balance of Curtis Paradis' had heard, and likewise explained his ed to Hazard. movements when leaving his uncle's house and proceeding south on Halsted street

"Just before turning off the gas I saw two cards in the old man's hand. Believe me, it was worse than being the rest as those two.

"Well, I snatched them, and the corners tore away. I was too rattled to stop and get the corners; I was scared stiff. I beat it as fast as I could."

Knowing of Blackburn's vacated room, he had slipped into it from the alley and remained there hiding all night. He it was who had left the pack of cards there.

A period was put to the colloquy by the hall door opening and the fright ened negro reappearing upon the ger coming back," he amplified. "He threshold. Mrs. Pell and Curtis recoiled before him in obvious alarm. the latter exclaiming:

"Sam! What's been the matter with you?" The intruder addressed himself to

Hazard.

"Boss, I can't explain myself very well-not here. I reckon you are a police officer; I want you to come with me, if you please." He paused. As this proffer exactly met the visit-or's desire, he was soon listening to him. Hazard only contined to eye or's desire, he was soon listening to

my odd bits of change after he'd | by an automobile, and the doctor says his spine is broke. He won't live

"It was like this. Sam's boss had treated him so scandalously for so long that Sam just couldn't stand it the money from the bank the devi--and he couldn't have fooled with just naturally got into Sam

"Sam he plans it all out. I'm chef on a Great Northern dining car, and he knows I'll be in Chicago over Decoration day. He has me go to a col-ored folks' ball on Twenty-eighth street, where he's invited, and make out like I'm him. We've often done that just to be skylarking, and l thought nothing of it till I saw the papers next afternoon. Then I realized what a position I was in, pre tending to be Sam, because right away I felt it was him that had killed

"I was scared. We favor one as other so close, if the police was looking for Sam, like as not they'd pick me up instead of him.

"I was wild to find him. When I went to where he'd been working there was a lady and gentleman there, and by the frightened way they acted at sight of me I was surer than ever that folks knew Sam was guilty.

"Then I met this gentleman, and I thought I was gone for sure. I reckon I oughtn't to have run; but I just couldn't help it.

"By and by some colored folks told me about the accident to Sam. I went to the hospital and had him brought here. After I'd talked to him a while he promised to tell everything and

As he finished speaking he went to dresser drawer and took out a long story agreed with what Hazard already | thick manila envelope. This he hand-

"You'll find all the money there just

like Sam got it-\$2,800." Sam Webb's story was not long. His plan to slay his employer and divert suspicion from himself was simple. He knew Paradis would be shot at to stoop and snatch them alone the night of the thirtieth, and away; yet I might as well have left also was familiar with Blackburn's frequent visits to the house and their object. He also was cognizant of Curtis' visits. He did not, however, know that Blackburn had left the city on the Andrew Cole that morning. and that, when he interrupted the old man's dummy-hand game and shot him with his own pistol, suspicion of Blackburn would rebound from a dead wall, and alight upon the real culprit.

"You're a duck, Felix!" Helen Ber tel assured him when once more she could breath the sooty but more familiar Loop air. "You were kind enough to take me to lunch today: if a girl should invite you to be her guest at dinner tonight, would you-" "Ask me!" Felix Hazard inter-

runted. (Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

TO SEE AROUND A CORNER Some Extraordinary Things Are Being

Claimed for the Invention of

a Swiss. Experiments conducted by Swiss army officers with a periscopelike de. is the happiest feature in the business vice which may be attached to any kind of rifle, and will enable the possessor practically to shoot around a corner, have been remarkably successful, says a communication from Basel printed in the Swiss Ritlemen's Jour-

nal, which reads, in part, as follows: "The apparatus, which was constructed by G. Buergin of Basel, was tested with considerable secrecy on the Allschwiler rifle range on October 3, in the presence of two ordnance officers, and quite unexpected results

were achieved. "This novelty, which is especially adapted to modern conditions of warfare where position is the principal thing in tactics, is intended for the use of every soldier who carries a rifle, as it weighs only about five and a half ounces and can be attached in a moment. It can be used in any po- Remember the "dose" mother insisted sition, lying, kneeling, or standing, on-castor off, calomel, cathartics. and, under good cover, the man using | How you hated them, how you fought it is almost entirely safe from the danger of being shot in the head. The use of this device is expected to bring about a great saving of ammunition, physic simply don't realize what they as the marksman, feeling secure do. The children's revolt is well-foundagainst the enemy's builets, will ed. Their tender little "insides" are aim with greater deliberation and cer- injured by them. tainty and thus avoid wasting his cartridges. This additional accuracy is

and hedges, this instrument lends it of mothers keep this harmless "fruit self admirably to use as a periscope. It also acts as an automatic controller which prevents the rifle from being tilted to one side, because the sharpshooter can always justify his aim. Consequently, everyone may become a good marksman by the aid of this target mirror, which can be used in any kind of weather.

"The entire sighting apparatus is less than eight inches from the marksman's eyes, which do not become tired, even when shooting at a ney ended among the Twenties just range of from 300 to 500 meters, or still greater distances."

> Guiterman to Would-Be Poets. Arthur Gulterman, whose book of humorous verse, "The Laughing Muse" (Harper), was published a few weeks ago, in a recent interview gave a list of negative commandments for wouldbe poets: "Don't think of yourself as a poet and dress the part," he says. 'Don't frequent exclusively the company of writers. Don't complain of lack of appreciation. (In the long run no really good published work can es-'ever,' 'o'er' for 'over,' 'whenas' or 'what poetic license or believe that there is any such thing. 'Don't use 'e'er' for 'ever,' "er' for 'over,' 'whenas' or 'what time' for 'when,' or any of the 'poetical' commonplaces of the past. Don't say 'did go' for 'went,' even if you need an extra syllable. Don't have your book published at your own expense by any house that makes a practice of publishing at the author's expense. Don't-don't write hymne to the Great God Pan. He is dead, let him rest in peace! Don't write what everybody else is writing."

"My bair is coming out dreadfully.
To you know of any way to stop it?"
"Sure I do. Don't fuss so much with

TRADE REVIVAL IN WESTERN CANADA

Not a Myth but an Actuality Shown in the Returns of Agricultural Statistics and **Every Department of** Trade and Commerce.

The trade revival in Manitoba. Saskatchewan and Alberta is an actuality and not a myth. There is today a spirit of optimism in the air, just as two years ago there prevailed the opposite spirit of pessimisr

A general trade revival has been felt in every department of business in the Prairie Provinces. The agriculturists are in better shape than they have ever been before in their lives. No farmers of any country are in better financial condition and in a more general state of prosperity than are the farmers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The farmers have harvested a record crop-a crop which enriches them to the extent of something over \$400,000,000

In the cities the prosperity of the country has been reflected. Everywhere business is on the hustle. The wholesalers and the retailers and the implement dealers find business good. The banks and other collection houses find collections satisfactory, and financial men declare that westerners are paying up their debts. In Winnipeg the bank clearings have been the largest in history, exceeding some weeks the figures of Montreal and Toronto. The grain shipments have been the biggest in the history of Winnipeg and in the history of the twin ports, Fort William and Port Arthur. The mail order houses have had a big year, the rush of fall orders exceeding all previous years and taxing the capacity of these establishments, whose most sanguine expectations have been exceeded by the actual business done.

The tide has turned in western Canada. The people of the West are forging ahead, forging ahead in actual production and in creation of wealth. giving generously to charitable and other funds, paying up their back debts, while going along carefully as regards any creation of new debts. They are economizing but not scrimping, acting cautiously but not miserly. The financial heads of eastern Canada, of the United States and of Europe are no longer criticizing western Canada: rather they are unstintedly offering their praise and their compliments. The financial press recognizes that the tide has turned in western Canada, and it has been published to the world.

The condition of western Canada at the close of 1915 is one of optimistic prosperity, backed by the same determination of western people to go on increasing their productiveness and maintaining the records which they have already established.

The trade revival of western Canada survey of the whole Dominion for 1915 and in the outlook for 1916 .- Advertisement.

Extremes Meet. She-My dear, the coal's all out. He-And I'm all in!

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR A CHILD'S BOWELS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a 'sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delilikely to increase the enemy's losses. clous "California Syrup of Figs." Its "If the foe is hidden behind walls action is positive, but gentle. Millions laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach, and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomor-

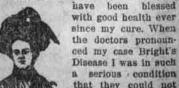
> Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Adv.

The cross was in some sense a religious symbol among the heathen before the Christian era.

CURED OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

am healthy and strong to-day and

Mrs. A. L. Crawford, Medfield, Mass., writes: "Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Bright's Disease, and I



ced my case Bright's Disease I was in such serious condition that they could not do anything for me. I kept getting worse. My limbs from my ankles to my knees swelled and eyes were so swollen that I couldn't see. As a last hope I thought

trial. I gradually improved and kept on taking them and they cured mo Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tab-lets for Indigestion have been proved.

I would give Dodd's Kidney Pills a

50c per box.—Adv. The United States used one-fifth of the 40,000,000,000 pounds of sugar pro-duced in the world last year.



"There," He Solemnly Averred, "Is the Man Who Killed Mr. Paradis!" both of them excitedly talking at | "I can take you to the man who once; but for the purposes of brevity killed Mr. Paradis."

and clearness their recitals shall be disentangled here. The woman declared her identity as confirmed Helen Bertel's assertion down town Hazard and the negro

gambler in his younger days-"a card- the former had telephoned. The joursharp," she expressed it. Her father -and Curtis'-Henry's brother, had off of South State street, a region owned considerable property and money; in an unhappy moment he had appointed Henry his administrator, without bonds, and then died. "We only want our rights, Curtis and I," Mrs. Pell passionately averred. "We had agreed to relinquish all claims for a certain sum, and we com-

romised to pay me the night he was killed. I never got it; nobody answered when I rang the bell. "He was a devil, Henry Paradis Why, even that old nigger of his, Sam Webb, was scared to call his soul his own. He held something over Sam, and treated him like a

promised on \$2,800, which Henry

Hazard turned to Curtis. "Were you here at any time on the evening of the thirtieth-Decoration

hesitated and glanced uneasily at his sister. She urged him with a nod to "I tried to hide it," he return

"but I suppose I might as well tell.
Yes, I was here. I saw my uncle
tying dead on the library floor."
"Here's the way of it." Curtis pursued. "Uncle Henry knew how I
liked to play pinochie, and he hired a

could see within, he pointed dramatically to a figure lying upon a bed. "There," he solemnly averred, the man who killed Mr. Paradis: The man rolled his head round and looked at the intruders, two of whom

Mrs. Pell and her brother were left

were joined by Miss Bertel, to whom

whose population is mostly colored.

Hazard and his companion were

conducted up two flights of stairs and

down a hall to a room where the ne-

gro halted and threw open a door.

When they came up with him so they

recoiled in astonishment. Lineament for lineament, line line, his face was a facsimile of the man's who had brought them hither! "Yes," confirmed the man on the bed in a weak voice, "I done it. I'm Sam Webb. And I'm about all in; I'm bad hurt." Sam's double spoke.

"My name's Clifford Hartley. I new you wouldn't believe me unless and me was together, so I wouldn't talk. "We're first cousins, Sam and me, though we might be twin brothers by

landed me in a peck o' trouble.
"Sam can't talk much; I'll have to liked to play pinochie, and he hired a sam can't this might he was hit shark to teach him so he could win talk for him. Last night he was hit

the way we look alike. We are always being mistook for one another. and it seems like the resemblance has